THE
Day of DOOM:
OR, A
Poetical Diſcription
OF
The great and laſt *Judgment*; with a ſhort Diſcourſe about Eternity.

By *Michael Wiggleſworth*, Teacher of the Church at *Maldon* in *New-England*.

Acts, 17. 31.

Becauſe he hath appointed a Day in the which he will Judge the World in Righteouſneſs, by that Man whom he hath Ordained.

Mat. 24. 30.

And then ſhall appear the Sign of the Son of Man in Heaven, and then ſhall all the Tribes of the Earth Mourn, and they ſhall ſee the Son of Man coming in the Clouds of Heaven, with Power and great Glory.

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TO THE

Chriſtian READER.

READER I am a Fool,
and have adventured
To play the Fool this once for Chriſt,
the more his Fame to ſpread;
If this my fooliſhneſs
help thee to be more Wiſe;
I have obtained what I ſeek,
and what I mainly prize.

Thou wondereſt perhaps,
that I in Print appear,
Who to the Pulpit dwell ſo nigh,
yet come ſo ſeldom there,
The God of Heaven knows
what grief to me it is,
To be witheld from ſerving Chriſt,
no Sorrow like to this.

This is the ſoreſt Pain
that I have felt or feel,
Yet I have ſtood ſome ſhocks that might
make ſtronger Men to reel:
I find more true delight
in ſerving of my Lord,
Than all the good Things upon Earth
without it can afford.

And could my Strength endure
that Work I count ſo dear,
Not all the riches of Peru,
ſhould hire me to forbear.

But

But I'm a Prisoner,
under a heavy Chain;
Almighty God's afflicting Hand
doth me per force restrain.

Yet some I know do Judge,
mine inability
To come abroad, and do Christ's Work
to be melancholly;
And that I'm not so weak
as I my self conceit;
But who in other things hath found
me so conceited yet?

Or who of all my Friends,
that have my Tryal seen,
Can tell the time in seven Year,
when I have dumpish been?
Some think my Voice is strong,
most times when I do Preach,
But ten days after, what I feel,
and suffer, none can reach.

My Prisoned thoughts break forth
when opened is the Door,
With greater force and violence,
and strain my voice the more;
But vainly do they tell
that I am growing stronger,
Who hear me speak in half an Hour,
till I can speak no longer.

Some, because they see not
my Cheerfulness to fail,
Nor that I am Disconsolate,
do think I nothing ail,
If they had born my griefs,
their Courage might have fail'd them,
And all the Town (perhaps) have known,
(once and agen) what ail'd them.

But why should I complain?
that have so good a God, Who

To the Christian READER.

Who doth mine Heart with Comfort fill,
Even whilst I feel his Rod.
In God I have been strong,
when wearied and worn out,
And joy'd in him, when twenty Woes
assail'd me round about.

Nor speak I this to boast,
but make Apologie,
For mine own self, and Answer those
that fail in Charity;
I am, alass, as frail
impatient a Creature,
As most that tread upon the Ground,
and have as bad a Nature.

Let God be Magnified,
whose everlasting Strength,
Upholds me under Sufferings
of more than ten years length;
Through whose Almighty Power,
(altho' I am Surrounded
With Sorrows, more than can be told)
yet I am not Confounded.

For his dear sake have I
this Service undertaken,
For I am bound to Honour him
who hath not me forsaken:
I am a Debtor too,
unto the Sons of Men,
Whom, wanting other Means I would
advantage with my Pen.

I would, but ah, my Strength,
when tryed, proves so small
That to the Ground without effect,
my wishes often fall.
Weak Heads, and Hands, and States,
great things cannot produce,
And therefore I this little Piece
have publish'd for thy Use.

Altho' no

To the Christian READER.

Altho' the Thing be small,
yet my good will therein,
Is nothing less than if it had,
a larger Volume been;
Accept it then in love,
and Read it for thy good:
There's nothing in't can do thee hurt,
if rightly Understood.

The God of Heaven Grant
these Lines so well to speed,
That thou the Things of thine own Peace,
through them mayest better heed,
And mayest be stirred up,
to stand upon thy guard,
That Death and Judgment may not come,
and find the un-prepar'd.

Oh! get a part in Christ,
and make the Judge thy Friend,
So shalt thou be assured of
a happy glorious End:
Thus prays thy real Friend,
And Servant for Christ's sake,
Who had he Strength would not refuse
more Pains for thee to take.

Michael Wigglesworth.

ON

ON

The following WORK,

AND IT'S

AUTHOR.

A Verſe may find him, who a Sermon flies,
Saith *Herbert* well, great Truths to dreſs (in Meetre
Becomes a Preacher, who Men's Souls do's (prize
that truth in Sugar roll'd may taſt the ſweeter,
No Coſt too great, no Care too Curious is,
to ſet forth Truth, and bring more Souls to Bliſs,
In coſtly Verſe, and moſt laborious Rhimes,
are diſh'd up here, Truths worthy moſt Regard;
No Toyes nor Fables, (Poets wonted Crimes)
here be, but things of Worth, and Wit prepar'd;
Reader fall too, and if thy taſte be good
thou'lt praiſe the Cook, and ſay 'tis choiſeſt Food.
David's Affliction bred us many a Pſalm.
From Caves, from mouth of Graves, that ſinger (ſweet,
Oft tun'd his Soul-felt Notes, for not in's calm,
but Storms, to write moſt Pſalms, God made him meet,
Affliction turned this Pen to Poetry,
Whoſe ſerious ſtreins do here before thee lie.

On the Work and it's Author.

This Man with many griefs afflicted ſore,
ſhut up from ſpeaking much, in ſickly Cave,
Thence painful leaſure hath to write the more,
and ſends theſe Councils from the Mouth o'th grave,
One Foot i'th other World long time hath been,
read and thoul't ſay his heart is all therein.

Oh! happy Cave, that's to Mount *Nebo* turn'd,
oh! happy Priſoner that's at Liberty
To walk thro' th' other World, the Bonds are burn'd
(but nothing elſe) in Furnace Fiery:
Such Fires, unfetter Saints, and ſet more free,
their unſcortch'd Souls for Chriſt's ſweet Company.

Chear on ſweet Soul, altho' in briny Tears,
ſteept is thy Seed, though dying e'ery day,
Thy Sheaves ſhall joyful be, when Chriſt appears
to change our Death and Pain, to Life for ay:
The Weepers now ſhall Laugh; the joyful laughter,
of vain ones here, ſhall turn to Tears hereafter.

Judge right, and his reſtraint is our reproof,
the Sins of hearers, preachers lips do cloſe,
And make that Tongue to cleave unto it's roof
which elſe would check and chear, ful freely thoſe
That need; But from this Eater comes ſome Meat,
and ſweetneſs good from this Affliction great.

In theſe waſt Woods a Chriſtian Poet Sings,
(where formerly Heathen wild were only found)
Of things to come, the laſt and greateſt things,
which in our Ears aloud ſhould ever ſound
Of Judgment Dread, Hell, Heaven, Eternity;
Reader, think of it, and help thy thoughts here-
(by.

I. M.

A

Prayer unto *CHRIST*, THE *Judge* of the WORLD.

OH Dearest dear, most glorious King,
I'le of thy justest Judgment Sing:
Do thou my Head and Heart inspire
to do't aright as I desire.
Thee, thee alone I'le invocate;
for I do much abominate,
To call the Muses to mine Aid,
which is th' unchristian Use and Trade
Of some that Christians would be thought,
and yet they Worship worse than nought.
Oh! what a deal of Blasphemy,
and Heathenish impiety,
In Christian Poets may be found,
where Heathen Gods with praise are Crown'd?
They make *JEHOVAH* to stand by,
till *Juno*, *Venus*, *Mercury*,
With frowning *Mars*, and thundering *Jove*,
rule Earth below, and Heaven above;
But I have learn'd to pray to none,
save unto God in Christ alone,
Nor will I laud, no not in jest,
that which I know God doth detest,
I reckon it a Damning Evil,
to give God's praises to the Devil;
Thou, Christ, art he, to whom I pray,
thy glory fain I would display,
Oh, guide me by thy Sacred Spirit,
so to indite, and so to write,
That I thy Holy Name may praise,
and teach the Sons of Men thy Ways.

THE

THE Day of DOOM.

STILL was the Night, ſerene and bright,
When all Men Sleeping lay,
Calm was the Seaſon and carnal Reaſon,
Thought it would laſt for ay:
Soul take thine Eaſe, let Sorrow ceaſe.
Much good thou haſt in ſtore;
This was their Song, their Cups among,
The Evening before:

2. Wallowing in all kind of Sin,
Vile Wretches lay ſecure:
The beſt of Men had ſcarcely then,
Their Lamps kept in good Ure;
Virgins unwiſe, who through Diſguiſe
Amongſt the beſt were numbred,
Had clos'd their Eyes, yea, and the wiſe,
Thr ough Sloth and Frailty Slumbred.

3. Like as of old, when Men grew bold,
God's Threatnings to Contemn,
Who ſtopt their Ear and would not hear,
When Mercy warned them:
But took their Courſe without Remorſe,
Till God began to Pour
Deſtruction the World upon,
In a Tempeſtuous Shower.

4. They put away the evil Day,
And drown'd their Cares and Fears,
Till Drown'd were they, and ſwept away,
By Vengeance unawares;

So

So at the laſt, whilſt Men ſlept faſt
In their Security,
Surpriz'd they are, in ſuch a ſnare,
As cometh ſuddenly;

5. For at Midnight, brake forth a Light,
Which turn'd the Night to Day,
And ſpeedily an hideous cry
Did all the World diſmay.
Sinners awake, their Hearts do ake,
Trembling their Loins ſurprizeth,
Amaz'd with Fear with what they hear
Each one of them ariſeth.

6. They ruſh from Beds with giddy Heads,
And to their Windows run,
Viewing this Light which ſhone more bright
Then doth the Noon-Day Sun;
Streightway appears (they ſee't with Tears)
The Son of God moſt dread,
Who with his Train comes on amain,
To Judge both Quick and Dead.

7. Before his Face the Heavens give place,
And Skies are Rent aſunder,
With mighty Voice and hideous Noiſe
More terrible than Thunder
His Brightneſs damps Heaven's glorious Lamps,
And makes them hide their Heads
As if afraid and quite diſmay'd,
They quit their wonted ſteads.

8. Ye Sons of Men that durſt contemn
The Threatnings of God's Word,
How chear you now? your Hearts (I trow)
Are thrill'd as with a Sword,
Now Atheiſts blind, whoſe Brutiſh Mind
A God could never ſee:
Doſt thou perceive, doſt thou believe,
That Chriſt thy Judge ſhall be?

9. Stout Courages (whoſe hardineſs,
Could Death and Hell out face)

Are you as bold, now you behold
your Judge draws near apace?
They cry no, no, alas and woe,
our Courage all is gone;
Our hardineſs, Fool-hardineſs
hath us undone, undone.

10. No heart ſo bold, but now grows cold,
and almoſt Dead with Fear,
No Eye ſo dry, but now can Cry
and power out many a Tear:
Earth's Potentates and powerful States,
Captains and Men of might,
Are quite abaſht, their Courage daſht
at this moſt Dreadful ſight.

11. Mean Men lament, great Men do rent
their Robes, and tear their Hair;
They do not ſpare their Fleſh to tear
through horrible deſpair,
All Kindreds wail their Hearts do fail,
horror the World doth fill,
With Weeping Eyes, and loud outcries,
yet knows not how to kill.

12. Some hide themſelves in Caves and Delves,
and places under ground,
Some raſhly leap into the deep,
to 'ſcape by being Drown'd,
Some to the Rocks (O Senſeleſs Blocks,)
and woody Mountains run,
That there they might this fearful ſight,
and dreadful Preſence ſhun.

13. In vain do they to Mountains ſay,
fall on us, and us hide
From Judges Ire more hot than Fire,
for who may it abide?
No hiding place can from his Face
Sinners at all conceal,
Whoſe Flaming Eye hid things doth 'ſpy,
and darkeſt things reveal.

The Judge draws nigh, exalted high,
upon a lofty Throne,
Amidſt the Throng of Angels ſtrong,
like *Iſrael's* holy one.
The excellence of whoſe Preſence,
and awful Majeſty,
Amazeth Nature, and every Creature,
doth more than terrifie.

15. The Mountains Smoak, the Hills are ſhook,
the Earth is rent and torn,
As if ſhe ſhould be clean diſolv'd,
or from her Centre born.
The Sea doth Roar, forſake the ſhoar,
and ſhrinks away for fear;
The Wild Beaſts flee into the Sea,
as ſoon as he draws near;

16. Whoſe glory bright, whoſe wondrous might,
whoſe Power Imperial,
So far ſurpaſs, whatever was
in Realms Terreſtrial,
That Tongues of Men (nor Angels Pen)
cannot the ſame expreſs,
And therefore I muſt paſs it by,
leaſt ſpeaking ſhould tranſgreſs;

17. Before his Throne a Trump. is blown,
proclaming the Day of Doom,
Forthwith he cries ye dead ariſe,
and unto Judgment come:
No ſooner ſaid but 'tis Obey'd,
Sepulchers open'd are,
Dead Bodies all, riſe at his call,
and his mighty Power declare.

18. Both Sea and Land, at his Command,
their Dead at once ſurrender,
The Fire and Air, conſtrained are
alſo their dead to render:

The mighty Word of this great Lord
links Body and Soul together,
Both of the juſt and the unjuſt,
to part no more forever.

19. The ſame tranſlates from Mortal States
to immortality,
All that ſurvive, and be alive,
in the twinkling of an Eye;
That ſo they may abide for ay
to endleſs Weal, or Woe,
Both the renate, and reprobate,
are made to dye no moe:

20. His Winged Hoſts fly thro' all Coaſts,
together gathering,
Both good and bad, both quick and dead,
and all to Judgment bring,
Out of their Holes, theſe creeping Moles
that hid themſelves for fear,
By force they take, and quickly make;
before the Judge appear.

21. Thus every one, before the Throne
of Chriſt the Judge, is brought,
Both Righteous and impious,
that good or ill had wrought,
A Seperation, and differing Station
by Chriſt appointed is,
To Sinners ſad, 'twixt good and bad;
'wixt Heirs of Woe and Bliſs.

22. At Chriſt's Right Hand the Sheep do ſtand,
his only Martyrs, who
For his dear Name, ſuffering ſhame,
Calamity and Woe,
Like Champions ſtood, and with their Blood
their Teſtimony Seal'd.
Whoſe innocence, without Offence
to Chriſt their Judge appealed;

23. Next unto whom, their find a Room,
all Chriſts afflicted ones; Who

Who being Chaſtiſed, neither deſpiſed,
nor ſank amidſt their groans:
Who by the Rod, were turn'd to God,
and loved him the more,
Not Murmuring nor Gnarling
when they were Chaſtned ſore.

24. Moreover ſuch as loved much,
that had not ſuch a Tryal,
As might conſtrain to ſo great pain,
and ſuch deep ſelf denyal;
Yet ready were, the Croſs to bear,
when Chriſt them call'd thereto,
And did Rejoyce to hear his Voice,
they're counted Sheep alſo.

25. Chriſt's Flock of Lambs, there alſo ſtands,
whoſe Faith was weak, yet true,
All ſound believers, (Goſpel receivers)
whoſe grace was ſmall, but grew;
And them among an infant throng
of Babes, for whom Chriſt Dyed,
Whom for his own by ways unknown
to Men, he Sanctify'd.

26. All ſtand before their Saviour,
in long white Robes they'r clad.
Their Countenance full of pleaſance,
appearing wonderous glad:
O glorious Light, behold how bright
Duſt heaps are made to ſhine?
Conform'd ſo their Lord unto,
whoſe Glory is Divine.

27 At Chriſt's left Hand the Goats do ſtand,
all whining Hypocrites,
Who for ſelf Ends did ſeem Chriſt's Friends,
but Foſter'd guilful Spirits;
Who Sheep reſembled, but they diſſembled,
(their hearts was was not ſincere.)
Who once did throng, Chriſt's Lambs among,
but now muſt not come near,

28. Apoſtataes, and Runaways,
ſuch as have *Chriſt* forſaken,
Of whom the Devil, with ſeven more evil,
hath freſh Poſſeſſion taken;
Sinners in grain, reſerv'd to pain,
and Torments moſt ſevere,
Becauſe 'gainſt Light, they ſinn'd with ſpight,
are alſo placed there:

29. There alſo ſtand a numerous band
that no profeſſion made
Of Godlineſs, nor to redreſs
their ways at all aſſaid,
Who better knew, but ſinful grew,
Goſpel and Law deſpiſed;
Who all Chriſt's knocks withſtood like blocks,
and would not be adviſed.

30. Moreover there with them appear
a Number, Numberleſs,
Of great and ſmall, vile wretches all
that did God's Laws tranſgreſs,
Idolaters, falſe Worſhippers,
profaners of God's Name,
Who not at all thereon did call,
but took in vain the ſame.

31. Blaſphemers lewd, and Swearers ſhrewd,
ſcoffers at purity,
That hated God, contemn'd his Rod,
and lov'd ſecurity:
Sabbath polluters, Saints perſecuters,
preſumptious Men and proud,
Who never lov'd thoſe that reprov'd,
all ſtand amongſt this crowd.

32. Adulterers, and Whoremongers,
were there with all unchaſt,
There covetous and ravenous,
that Riches got too faſt;

Who

Who uſed vile ways themſelves to raiſe
to Eſtates and Worldly Wealth,
Oppreſſion by, or Knavery,
by force, or fraud, or ſtealth.

33. Moreover there together were
Children flagitious,
And Parents who did them undo
by nurture vicious.
Falſe witneſs bearers, and ſelf forſwearers,
Murderers, and Men of Blood;
Witches, Inchanters, and Ale-houſe haunters,
beyond Account their ſtood.

34. Their Place there find, all Heathen blind,
that Natures light abuſed,
Altho' they had no tidings glad,
of Goſpel Grace refuſed.
There ſtand all Nations and Generations,
of *Adam's* Progeny,
Whom *Chriſt* Redeem'd not, whom *Chriſt* eſteem'd not
through Infidelity.

35. Who no Peace-maker, no Undertaker,
to ſhroud them from God's Ire,
Ever obtain'd, they muſt be pain'd
with everlaſting Fire.
Theſe numerous bands, wringing their Hands
and weeping all ſtand there
Fill'd with anguiſh, whoſe Hearts do languiſh
through ſelf Tormenting fear.

36. Faſt by them ſtand, at *Chriſt's* Left Hand,
the *Lion* fierce and fell;
The *Dragon* bold, that *Serpent* old,
that hurried Souls to *Hell*:
There alſo ſtand, under Command,
Legions of Sprights unclean,
And Helliſh Fiends, which are no Friends
to God, nor unto Men.

37. With diſmal Chains, and ſtrongeſt Reigns,
like Priſoners of Hell;
They're held in Place, before Chriſt's Face,
till he their Doom ſhall tell:
Theſe void of Tears, but fill'd with Fears
and Dreadful expectation,
Of endleſs pains, and ſcalding Flames
ſtand waiting for Damnation.

38. All Silence keep, both Goats and Sheep
before the Judges Throne;
With mild aſpect to his Elect
then ſpake the Holy Ones:
My Sheep draw near, your Sentence hear,
which is to you no Dread;
Who clearly now, diſcern and know
your Sins are pardoned.

39. 'Twas meet that ye ſhould Judged be,
that ſo the World may 'ſpy
No cauſe of grudge, when as I Judge
and deal impartially:
Know therefore all, both great and ſmall
the ground and reaſon why,
Theſe Men do ſtand at my right Hand,
and look ſo chearfully:

40. Theſe Men be thoſe, my Father choſe
before the Worlds Foundation,
And to me gave, that I ſhould ſave
from Death and Condemnation:
For whoſe dear ſake, I Fleſh did take,
was of a Woman born,
And did inure my ſelf to endure
unjuſt reproach and ſcorn.

41. For them it was, that I did paſs
through Sorrows many a one,
That I drank up this bitter Cup,
which made me ſigh and groan.

The Croſs, his pain, I did ſuſtain,
yea more my Father's ire
I under went, my Blood I ſpent
to ſave them from Hell Fire.

42. Thus I eſteem'd, thus I redeem'd
all theſe from every Nation,
That they might be (as now you ſee)
a choſen Generation:
What if e're while, they were as vile
and bad, as any be?
And yet from all their guilt and thrall,
at once I ſet them free.

43. My Grace to one, is wrong to none,
none can Election Claim;
Amongſt all thoſe, their Souls that loſe,
none can rejection blame:
He that may chuſe, or elſe refuſe,
all Men to ſave or ſpill;
May this Man chuſe, and that refuſe,
redeeming whom he will.

44. But as for thoſe, whom I have choſe
Salvations Heirs to be;
I underwent their Puniſhment,
and therefore ſet them free:
I bore their grief, and their relief
by ſuffering procured;
That they of Bleſs, and Happineſs,
might firmly be aſſured.

45. And this my Grace, they did embrace,
believing on my Name;
Which Faith was true, the Fruits do ſhew,
proceeding from the ſame:
Their Penitence, their Patience,
their Love, their Self-denyal;
In ſuffering Loſſes and bearing Croſſes,
when put upon the Tryal.

46. Their Sin forſaking, their chearful taking
my yoke, their Charitie
Unto the Saints, in all their wants,
and in them unto me:
Theſe things do clear, and make appear
their Faith to be unfeigned,
And that a part in my Deſert
and Purchaſe they have gained.

47. Their Debts are paid, their Peace is made,
their Sins remitted are;
Therefore at once, I do pronounce,
and openly declare,
That Heaven is theirs, that they be Heirs
of Life and of Salvation,
Nor ever ſhall they come at all,
to Death, or to Damnation.

48. Come, Bleſſed ones, and ſit on Thrones,
judging the World with me:
Come and poſſeſs, your Happineſs,
and bought felicitie:
Henceforth, no Fears, no Cares, no Tears,
no Sin ſhall you annoy,
Nor any thing that grief doth bring;
Eternal Reſt enjoy.

49. You bare the Croſs, you ſuffered loſs
of all for my Names ſake;
Receive the Crown, that's now your own,
Come and a Kingdom take.
Thus ſpake the Judge, the Wicked grudge,
and grind their Teeth in vain,
They ſee with Groans, theſe plac'd on Thrones,
which addeth to their pain.

50. That thoſe whom they did wrong and ſlay,
muſt now their Judgment ſee,
Such whom they ſlighted, and once deſpighted,
muſt of their Judges be.

Thus

Thus it's Decreed, ſuch is their Meed,
and Guerdon Glorious:
With Chriſt they ſit, judging it fit
to plague the impious.

51. The Wicked are brought to the Bar,
like Guilty Malefactors,
That oftentimes of Bloody Crimes,
and Treaſons have been Actors.
Of Wicked Men none are ſo mean,
as there to be neglected;
Nor none ſo high in Dignity,
as there to be Reſpected.

52. The glorious Judge will Priviledge
no Emperor nor King;
But every one that hath miſdone,
doth unto Judgment bring:
And every one that hath miſdone
the Judge impartially,
Condemneth to Eternal woe,
and endleſs Miſery.

53. Thus one and all, thus great and ſmall,
the Rich as well as Poor;
And thoſe of Place, as the moſt baſe
to ſtand their Judge before:
They are arraigned, and there detained
before Chriſt's Judgment Seat,
With trembling fear their Doom to hear,
and feel his Angers heat.

54. There Chriſt demands at all their Hands,
a ſtrict and ſtraight Account
Of all things done under the Sun,
whoſe Numbers far ſurmount
Man's Wit and Thought, yea all are brought
unto this ſolemn Trial,
And each Offence with Evidence,
ſo that there's no denial.

55. There's

55. There's no Excuſes, for their abuſes;
ſince their own Conſciences
More proof give in, of each ones Sin,
than a thouſand Witneſſes:
Though formerly this Faculty
had groſly been abuſed,
(Men could it ſtifflle, or with it triffle,
when as it them accuſed.)

56. Now it comes in, and every Sin
unto Mens Charge doth lay,
It Judgeth them, and doth condemn,
though all the World ſay nay:
It ſo Stingeth and Tortureth,
it worketh ſuch Diſtreſs,
That each Man's Self againſt himſelf,
is forced to confeſs.

57. It's vain, moreover, for Men to cover
the leaſt Iniquity,
The Judge hath ſeen, and privy been
to all their Villany:
He unto Light and open Sight
the Works of Darkneſs brings,
He doth unfold both new and old,
both known and hidden Things.

58. All filthy Facts and ſecret Acts,
however cloſely done,
And long concealed, are there reveal'd
before the Mid-day Sun.
Deeds of the Night, ſhunning the Light,
which darkeſt Corners ſought,
To fearful blames, and endleſs ſhame,
and there moſt juſtly brought.

59. And as all Facts and groſer Acts,
ſo every Word and Thought,
Erronious Notion, and luſtful Motion,
are into Judgment brought.

No Sin ſo ſmall and trivial,
but hither it muſt come;
Nor ſo long paſt, but now at laſt,
it muſt receive a Doom.

60. At this ſad Seaſon, Chriſt asks a Reaſon,
(with juſt Auſterity)
Of Grace refuſed, of Light abuſed,
ſo oft, ſo wilfully:
Of Talents lent, by them miſpent,
and on their Luſts beſtowen,
Which if improved as it behoved,
Heaven might have been their own.

61. Of Time neglected, of Means rejected,
of God's long ſuffering
And Patience, to Penitence
that ſought hard Hearts to bring:
Why Cords of Love did nothing move.
to ſhame or to remorſe,
Why warnings grave, and Councils have,
nought chang'd their Sinful Courſe.

62. Why Chaſtnings and evil Things,
why Judgments ſo ſevere,
Prevail'd not with them a jot,
nor wrought an awful fear,
Why promiſes of Holineſs,
and new Obedience
They oft did make, but always broke
the ſame to God's Offence.

63. Why ſtill Hell-ward without regard,
they boldly ventured,
And choſe Damnation before Salvation,
when it was offered?
Why Sinful Pleaſures, and Earthly Treaſures,
like Fools they prized more,
Then Heavenly Wealth, Eternal Health,
and all Chriſt's Royal Store,

64. Why

64. Why, when he ſtood offering his Blood,
to waſh them from their Sin;
They would embrace no ſaving Grace,
but liv'd and dy'd therein:
Such Aggravations, where no Evaſions
nor falſe pretences hold,
Exaggerate and cumulate,
guilt more than can be told.

65. They multiply and magnify
Mens groſs Iniquities;
They draw down Wrath (as Scripture ſaith)
out of God's Treaſuries:
Thus all their ways, Chriſt open lays
to Men and Angels view,
And as they were makes them appear
in their own proper hew.

66. Thus he doth find of all mankind
that ſtand at his left hand,
No Mothers Son, but hath miſdone,
and broken God's Command:
All have tranſgreſt, even the beſt,
and merited God's Wrath,
Unto their own Perdition,
and everlaſting Skath.

67. Earth's Dwellers all both great and ſmall,
have wrought iniquity,
And ſuffer muſt (for it is juſt)
Eternal Miſery:
Amongſt the many, there came not any
before the Judges Face,
That able are themſelves to clear
of all this curſed Race.

68. Nevertheleſs they al Expreſs,
(Chriſt granting Liberty;)
What for their way they have to ſay,
how they have Liv'd, and why,

The

They all draw near, and ſeek to clear
themſelves by making pleas,
There Hypocrites, falſe hearted Wights,
do make ſuch pleas as theſe.

69. Lord, in thy Name, and by the ſame,
we Devils diſpoſſeſt,
We rais'd the dead, and miniſtred
ſuccour to the diſtreſt:
Our painful Teaching, and powerful Preaching,
by thine own wonderous Might,
Did throughly win, to God from Sin,
many a wretched Wight.

70. All this (quoth he) may granted be,
and your Caſe little better'd,
Who ſtill remain under a Chain,
and many Irons fetter'd:
You that the Dead have quickened,
and raiſed from the Grave,
Your ſelves were Dead, yet never need
a Chriſt your Souls to ſave.

71. You that could Preach, and others Teach
what way to Life doth lead;
Why, were you ſlack to find that track,
and in that way to tread?
How could you bear to ſee or hear
of others freed at laſt
From Satan's Paws, whilſt in his Jaws
your ſelves were held more faſt?

72. Who though you knew Repentance true,
and Faith in my great Name,
The only mean to quit you clean
from puniſhment and blame:
Yet take no pain true Faith to gain,
(ſuch as would not deceive,)
Nor would Repent with true intent,
your Evil deads to leave.

73. His Masters will how to fulfill,
the Servant that well knew;
Yet left undone, his Duty known,
more Plagues to him are due:
You against light perverted right,
wherefore it shall be now,
For *Sidon*, and for *Sodoms* Land,
more easie then for you.

74. But we have in thy Presence been,
say some, and eaten there,
Did we not eat thy Flesh for meat,
and feed on Heavenly chear?
Whereon who feed, shall never need,
as thou thy self dost say;
Nor shall they dye Eternally,
but live with thee for ay.

75. We may alledge, thou gav'st a Pledge,
of thy dear love to us
In Wine and Bread, which figured
thy Grace bestowed thus:
Of strengthning Seals, of sweetest Meals,
have we so oft pertaken,
And shall we be cast off by thee,
and utterly forsaken?

76. To whom the Lord, thus in a word,
returns a short reply;
I never knew any of you
that wrought Iniquity:
You say you have been my Presence in;
but Friends, how came you there,
With Raiment vile, that did defile,
and quite disgrace my chear?

77. Durst you draw near without due fear,
unto my Holy Table?
Durst you profane, and render vain,
so far as you were able,

Thoſe Miſteries, which who ſo prize,
and carefully improve,
Shall ſaved be undoubtedly,
and nothing ſhall them move?

78. How durſt you venture, bold Gueſts to enter,
in ſuch a ſordid hew,
Amongſt my Gueſts, unto their Feaſts,
that were not made for you?
How durſt you eat ſo ſpiritual Meat?
your Bane and drink Damnation,
Whilſt by your guile you render vile,
ſo rare and great Salvation?

79. Your Fancies fed on Heavenly Bread,
your Hearts feed on ſome luſt,
You lov'd the Creature, more then the Creator,
your Souls cleave to the Duſt;
And think you by Hypocriſy,
and cloaked Wickedneſs,
To enter in, laden with Sin,
to laſting Happineſs?

80. This your excuſe, ſhews your abuſe
of things ordained for Good,
And doth declare, you Guilty are
of my dear Fleſh and Blood:
Wherefore thoſe Seals, and pretious Meals,
you put ſo much upon,
As things Divine, they Seal and Sign
you to Perdition.

81. Then forth Iſſue another Crew,
(thoſe being ſilenced,)
Who drawing nigh to the moſt High,
adventure thus to plead;
We Sinners were, ſay they, it's clear
deſerving Condemnation;
But did not we relie on thee,
O Chriſt, for whole Salvation?

82. We did believe, and oft receive
thy gracious Promises,
We took great care to get a share
in endless Happiness:
We pray'd and wept, we fast Days kept,
lewd Ways we did eschew,
We joyful were thy Word to hear,
we form'd our Lives a new.

83. We thought our Sin had pardoned been,
that our Estate was good,
Our Debts all paid, our Peace well made,
our Souls washt with thy Blood:
Lord, why dost thou reject us now,
who have not thee rejected;
Nor utterly, true Sanctitys
and holy Life neglected?

84. The Judge incensed, at their pretenced
self vanting Piety;
With such a look, as trembling strook
into them; made reply,
O impudence! impenitent,
and guilful Generation;
Think you that I cannot discry
your Hearts abomination?

85. You not received, nor yet believed
my Promises of Grace,
Nor were you wise enough to prize
my reconciled Face:
But did presume that to assume,
which was not yours to take,
And challenged the Childrens Bread,
yet would not Sin forsake.

86. Being too bold, you laid fast hold
where Interest you had none.
Your selves deceiving, by your believing
all which you might have known:

You ran away, but ran astray
with Gospel Promises,
And perished, being still Dead,
in Sins and Trespasses.

87 How oft did I Hypocrisy,
and Hearts Deceits unmask;
Before your Sight, giving you light
to know a Christians task?
But you held fast unto the last,
your own Conceits so vain;
No warning could prevail, you would
your own Deceits retain.

88. As for your care, to get a share
in Bliss, the fear of Hell,
And of a Part in endless Smart,
did thereunto compell:
Your Holiness, and Ways redress,
such as it was did spring,
From no true love to things above,
but from some other thing.

89. You pray'd you wept, you fast Days kept,
but did you this to me?
No, but for Sin you sought to win
the greater Liberty:
For all your wants you had vile haunts
for which your Consciences
Did you Allarm, whose Voice to Charm,
you us'd these Practises.

90. Your Penitence your Diligence
to read, to pray, to hear,
Were but to drown'd the clamerous Sound
of Conscience in your Ear:
If Light you lov'd, Vain-glory mov'd
your selves therewith to store,
That seeming Wise, Men might you Prize,
and Honour you the more.

91. Thus from your ſelves, unto your ſelves,
your Duties all do tend,
And as Self-love, the Wheels do move,
ſo in Self-love they end:
Thus Chriſt detects their vain Projects,
and cloſe Impiety,
And plainly ſhews, that all their ſhows
were but Hypocriſy.

92. Then were brought nigh a Company
of civil honeſt Men,
That lov'd true Dealing, and hated Stealing,
ne'er wrong'd their Brethren:
Who pleaded thus, thou knoweſt us
that we were blameleſs Livers,
No Whoremongers, no Murderers,
no Quarrellers nor Strivers.

93. Idolaters, Adulterers,
Church Robbers we were none,
Nor Falſe-dealers, nor Cozeners,
but paid each Man his own,
Our Way was fair, our Dealings ſquare,
we were no waſtful Spenders,
No lew'd Toſs-pots, no Drunken Sots,
no ſcandalous Offenders.

94. We hated Vice, and ſet great Price,
by vertuous Converſation,
And by the ſame we got a Name,
and no ſmall Commendation:
God's Laws expreſs, that Righteouſneſs
is that which he doth prize,
And to obey, as he doth ſay,
is more then Sacrifice.

95. Thus to obey hath been our way,
let our good Deeds we pray,
Find ſome regard, and good reward
with thee, O Lord, this day:

And

And whereas we Transgressours be,
of *Adam*'s Race were none,
(No not the best) but have confest
themselves to have misdone.

96. Then answered, unto their dread,
the Judge, true Piety
God doth desire, and eke require,
no less than Honesty:
Justice demands at all your Hands
perfect Obedience,
If but in Part you have com'd short,
that is a just Offence.

97. On Earth below, where Men did owe
a Thousand Pounds and more,
Could Twenty-pence it recompence,
could that have clear'd the score?
Think you to buy Felicity
with part of what's due Debt,
Or for Desert of one small part,
the whole should off be set?

98. And yet that part (whose great Desert
you think to reach so far
For your excuse,) doth you accuse,
and will thy Boasting mar:
However fair, however Square
your Way and Work hath been
Before Mens Eyes, yet God espies
Iniquity therein.

99. God looks upon the Affection,
and temper of the Heart,
Not only on the Action,
and the External Part:
Whatever end vain Men pretend,
God knows the Verity,
And by the end which they intend,
their Works and Deeds doth try.

100. Without true Faith, the Scripture ſaith,
God cannot take delight
In any Deed, that doth proceed
from any ſinful Wight:
And without Love, all Actions prove,
but barren empty Things;
Dead Works they be, and Vanity,
the which Vexation brings.

101. Not from true Faith, which quencheth Wrath,
hath your Obedience flown,
Nor from true Love, which wont to move
Believers, hath it grown:
Your Argument ſhews your intent,
in all that you have done,
You thought to ſcale Heaven's lofty Walls,
by Ladders of your own.

102. Your blinded Spirits hoping to Merit,
by your own Righteouſneſs,
Needed no Saviour, but your Behaviour,
and blameleſs Carriages:
You truſted to what you could do,
and in no need you ſtood,
Your haughty Pride laid me aſide,
and trampled on my Blood.

103. All Men have gone aſtray and done
that which God's Laws condemn:
But my purchaſe and offered Grace,
all Men did not contemn:
The *Ninevites* and *Sodomites*,
had no ſuch Sin as this;
Yet, as if all your Sins were ſmall,
you ſay, all did amiſs.

104. Again you thought and mainly ſought
a Name with Men to acquire,
Pride bare the Bell that made you ſwell,
and your own ſelves admire:

Mean

Mean Fruit it is, and vile, I wis,
that Springs from ſuch a Root,
Vertue Divine and Genuine,
wants not from Pride to ſhoot.

105. Such Deeds as your are worſe than poor,
they are but Sins guilt over,
With Silver Droſs, whoſe gliſtering Gloſs
can them no longer cover:
The beſt of them would you condemn,
and ruine you alone,
Although you were from Faults ſo clear,
that others you had none.

106. Your Gold is Droſs, your Silver Braſs,
your Righteouſneſs is Sin,
And think you by ſuch Honeſty,
Eternal Life to win?
You much miſtake, if for its ſake
you Dream of Acceptation;
Whereas the ſame deſerveth ſhame,
and meriteth Damnation.

107. A wonderous crow'd, then 'gan aloud,
thus for themſelves to ſay;
We did intend, Lord, to amend,
and to reform our Way:
Our true intent was to repent,
and make our Peace with thee,
But ſudden Death ſtopping our Breath,
left us no Liberty.

108. Short was our time, for in his prime,
our youthful Flower was cropt,
We dyed in Youth before full growth,
ſo was our purpoſe ſtopt;
Let our good Will to turn from ill,
and Sin to have forſaken,
Accepted be, O Lord, with thee,
and in good part be taken.

109. To whom the Judge; where you alledge
the Shortneſs of the Space,
That from your Birth you liv'd on Earth,
to compaſs ſaving Grace:
It was Free grace, that any ſpace
was given you at all,
To turn from Evil, defie the Devil,
and upon God to call.

110. One Day, one Week, wherein to ſeek
God's Face with all your Hearts,
A Favour was, that far did paſs
the Beſt of your Deſerts;
You had a Seaſon, what was the reaſon
ſuch pretious Hours to waſte?
What could you find? What could you mind
that was of greater haſte?

111. Could you find time for vain Paſtime,
for looſe licentious Mirth,
For fruitleſs Toys, and fading Joys,
that periſh in the birth?
Had you good leaſure for carnal Pleaſure,
in Days of Health and Youth;
And yet no ſpace to ſeek God's Face,
and turn to him in Truth,

112. In younger Years, beyond your fears,
what if you were ſurprized?
You put away the evil Day,
and of long Life deviſed:
You oft were told, and might behold
that Death no Age doth ſpare;
Why then did you your time fore flow,
and ſlight your Souls well fare?

113. Had your intent been to repent,
and had you it deſired,
There would have been Endeavours ſeen,
before your time expired:

God

God makes no Treasure, nor hath he Pleasure
in idle Purposes,
Such fair Pretences are foul Offences,
and Cloakes for Wickedness.

114. Then were brought in, and charg'd with Sin,
another Company,
Who by Petition obtain'd Permition
to make Apology:
They argued we were misled,
as is well known to thee,
By their Example, that had more ample
Abilities then we.

115. Such as profest they did detest,
and hate each wicked way,
Whose seeming Grace whilst we did trace,
our Souls were led astray.
When Men of Parts, Learning and Arts,
professing Piety,
Did thus and thus, it seem'd to us,
we might take Liberty.

116. The Judge replies, I gave you Eyes,
and Light to see your way,
Which had you lov'd, and well improv'd,
you had not gone astray:
My Word was pure, the Rule was sure,
why did you it forsake?
Or thereon Trample, and Mens Example
your Directory make?

117. This you well knew that God is true,
and that most Men are Liars,
In Word professing Holiness,
indeed thereof Deniers:
O simple Fools, that having Rules
your Lives to regulate,
Would them refuse, and rather chuse,
vile Men to imitate.

118. But Lord, say they, we went astray,
and did more wickedly,
By means of those whom thou hast chose
Salvations Heirs to be:
To whom the Judge, what you alledge,
doth nothing help the Case;
But makes appear how vile you were,
and rendereth you more base.

119. You Understood that what was good,
was to be followed,
And that you ought that which was nought,
to have relinquished:
Contrary-wise, it was your guise
only to imitate
Good Mens defects, and their neglects,
that were regenerate.

120. But to express their Holiness,
or imitate their Grace,
You little car'd, or once prepar'd
your Hearts to seek my Face:
They did repent, and truly rent
their Hearts for all known Sin,
You did offend, but not amend
to follow them therein.

121. We had thy Word, say some, O Lord,
but wiser Men then we,
Could never yet Interpret it,
but alway disagree:
How could we Fools be led by Rules
so far beyond our Ken?
Which to explain did so much pain,
and puzzle wisest Men.

122. Was all my Words obstruse and hard,
the Judge then Answered?
It did contain much Truths so plain,
you might have run and read:

But

But what was hard you never car'd
to know, nor ſtudied,
And things that were moſt plain and clear,
you never practiſed.

123. The Miſtery of Piety,
God unto Babes reveals,
When to the Wiſe he it denies,
and from the World conceals:
If to fulfill God's Holy Will,
had ſeemed good to you.
You would have ſought Light as you ought,
and done the Good you knew.

124. Then came in view another Crew,
and 'gan to make their Pleas;
Amongſt the reſt, ſome of the beſt
had ſuch poor Shifts as theſe:
Thou knoweſt right well, who all canſt tell,
we liv'd amongſt thy Foes,
Who the Renate did ſorely hate,
and Goodneſs much oppoſe.

125. We Holineſs durſt not profeſs,
fearing to be forlorn
Of all our Friends, and for amends
to be the Wicked's ſcorn:
We knew their Anger would much endanger
our Lives and our Eſtates;
Therefore for fear, we durſt appear
no better than our Mates.

126. To whom the Lord returns this word,
O wonderful Deceits!
To caſt off aw of God's ſtrickt Law,
and fear Mens wrath and threats:
To fear Hell-fire, and God's fierce Ire,
leſs then the Rage of Men,
As if God's Wrath could do leſs ſcath,
then Wrath of Brethren.

127. To uſe ſuch ſtrife a temporal Life
to reſcue and ſecure,
And be ſo blind as not to mind
that Life that will endure.
This was your caſe, who carnal Peace
more then true Joys did ſavour;
Who fed on Duſt, clave to your Luſt,
and ſpurned at my Favour.

128. To pleaſe your Kinn, Mens Love to win,
to flow in worldly wealth,
To ſave your ſkin theſe things have been
more then Eternal health:
You had your choice, wherein rejoyce,
it was your Portion,
For which you choſe your Souls to expoſe
unto Perdition.

129. Who did not hate Friends, Life and State,
with all things elſe for me,
And all forſake, and's Croſs up take,
ſhall never happy be.
Well worthy they to die for aye,
who Death then Life had rather,
Death is their due, that ſo value
the Friendſhip of my Father.

130. Others argue and not a few,
is not God gracious?
His Equity and Clemency,
are they not Marvelous?
Thus we believ'd, are we deceiv'd?
cannot his Mercies great,
As hath been told to us of old,
aſſwage his Angers heat?

131. How can it be that God ſhould ſee
his Creatures endleſs pain,
And hear their Groans, and ruful Moans,
and ſtill his Wrath detain?

Can

Can it agree with Equity?
can Mercy have the Heart
To recompence few Years offence
with everlasting Smart?

132. Can God delight in such a sight,
as Sinners misery?
Or what great good, can this our Blood
do unto thee most high?
Oh thou that dost thy Glory most
in pardoning Sin display,
Lord might it please thee to release,
and pardon us this Day.

133. Unto thy Name more glorious Fame,
would now such Mercy bring,
Would it not raise thine endless praise,
more then our suffering?
With that they cease, holding their Peace,
but cease not still to weep,
Grief Ministers a Flood of Tears,
in which their Words do steep.

134. But all too late, grief's out of Date,
when Life is at an end,
The glorious King thus answering,
all to his Voice attend;
God glorious is, quoth he, like his
no Mercy can be found,
His Equity and Clemency,
to Sinners do abound.

135. As may appear by those, that here
are plac't at my right Hand,
Whose stripes I bore, and clear'd the score,
that they might quitted stand:
For surely none but God alone,
whose Grace transcends Man's thought,
For such as those that were his Foes,
like Wonders would have wrought.

136. And none but he ſuch Lenitie,
and Patience would have ſhown
To you ſo long, who did him wrong,
and pull'd his Judgments down:
How long a ſpace (O Stiff-neckt race)
did Patience you afford?
How oft did love you gently move,
to turn unto the Lord?

137. With Cords of Love, God often ſtrove
your ſtubborn Hearts to tame,
Nevertheleſs your Wickedneſs,
did ſtill reſiſt the ſame:
If now at laſt, Mercy be paſt
from you for Evermore,
And Juſtice come in Mercies room,
yet grudge you not therefore.

138. If into wrath God turned hath,
his long long-ſuffering,
And now for love you Vengeance prove,
it is an equal thing:
Your waxing worſe, hath ſtopt the courſe
of wonted Clemency,
Mercy refuſed, and grace miſuſed,
call for ſeverity.

139. It's now high time that every Crime
be brought to Puniſhment;
Wrath long contain'd, and oft refrain'd,
at laſt muſt have a vent:
Juſtice ſevere cannot forbear
to plague Sin any longer;
But muſt Inflict with Hand moſt ſtrict,
miſchief upon the wronger.

140. In vain do they for Mercy pray,
the Seaſon being paſt,
Who had no care to get a ſhare
therein, while time did laſt,

The

The Man whose ear refused to hear
the Voice of Wisdom's cry,
Earn'd this Reward, that none regard
him in his Misery.

141. It doth agree with Equity,
and with God's Holy Law,
That those should die eternally,
that Death upon them draw:
The Soul that Sins Damnation wins,
for so the Law ordains,
Which Law is just, and therefore must
such suffer endless pains.

142. Eternal smart is the Desert
even of the least Offence;
Then wonder not if I allot
to you this Recompence:
But wonder more that since so sore,
and lasting Plagues are due,
To every Sin, you liv'd therein,
who well the Danger knew.

143. God hath no joy to crush or stroy,
and ruin wretched Wights,
But to display the Glorious ray
of Justice he Delights:
To manifest he doth detest,
and throughly hate all Sin,
By plaguing it, as is most fit,
this shall him Glory win.

144. Then at the Bar arraigned are
an Impudenter sort,
Who to evade the Guilt that's laid
upon them, thus retort:
How could we cease thus to transgress?
how could we Hell avoid?
Whom God's decree shut out from thee,
and sign'd to be destroy'd.

145. Whom God ordains to endleſs Pains,
by Laws unalterable,
Repentance true, Obedience new,
to ſave ſuch are unable:
Sorrow for Sin, no good can win,
to ſuch as are rejected;
Nor can they grieve, nor yet believe,
that never were elected.

146. Of Man's fallen Race, who can true Grace,
of Holineſs obtain?
Who can convert, or change his Heart,
if God with-holds the ſame?
Had we applyed our ſelves, and tryed
as much as who did moſt,
God's love to gain, our buſie pain,
and labour had been loſt.

147. Chriſt readily makes this reply,
I damn you not becauſe
You are rejected, or not elected,
but you have broke my Laws:
It is but vain your Wits to ſtrain,
the end and means to ſever;
Men fondly ſeek to part or break,
what God hath linkt together.

148. Whom God will ſave, ſuch he will have,
the means of Life to uſe,
Whom he'll paſs by, ſhall chuſe to dye,
and ways of Life refuſe:
He that foreſees, and fore decrees,
in Wiſdom ordered has,
That Man's free-will, electing ill,
ſhall bring his Will to paſs.

149. God's high decree, as it is free,
ſo doth it none compell
Againſt their Will, to good or ill,
it forceth none to Hell.

They have their wish whose Souls perish
with Torments in Hell-fire,
Who rather chose their Souls to lose,
then leave a loose desire;

150. God did ordain Sinners to pain,
and I to Hell send none,
But such as swerv'd, and have deserv'd
Destruction as their own:
His Pleasure is, that none from bliss,
and endless Happiness
Be barr'd, but such as wrong'd him much,
by wilfull Wickedness.

151. You sinful Crew no other knew,
but you might be Elect,
Why did you then your selves condemn?
why did you me reject?
Where was your strife to gain that Life,
which lasteth evermore?
You never knockt; yet say, God lockt
against you Heaven's Door.

152. 'Twas no vain task to knock, to ask,
whilst Life continued,
Who ever sought Heaven as he ought,
and seeking perished?
The lowly meek, who truly seek
for Christ and for Salvation,
There's no decree, whereby such be
ordain'd to Condemnation.

153. You argue then; but abject Men,
whom God resolves to spill,
Cannot repent, nor their Hearts rent,
nor can they change their Will;
Not for his can, is any Man
adjudged unto Hell;
But for his Will to do what's ill,
and nilling to do well.

154. I often ſtood offering my blood
to waſh away your guilt;
And eke my Spright to frame you right,
leſt your Souls ſhould be ſpilt.
But you, vile race, rejected Grace
when Grace was freely proffer'd,
No changed heart, no heavenly part
would you when it was offer'd.

155. Who wilfully the remedy
of Grace and Life contemned,
Cauſe have the ſame themſelves to blame,
if now they be condemned:
You have your ſelves, you and none elſe
your ſelves have done to dy,
You choſe the way to your decay,
and periſh'd wilfully.

156. Theſe Words appall, and daunt them all;
diſmay'd, and all amort,
Like ſtocks they ſtand at Chriſt's left hand,
and dare no more retort.
Then were brought near, with trembling fear,
a number numberleſs,
Of blind Heathen, and brutiſh Men,
that did God's Laws tranſgreſs;

157. Whoſe wicked ways Chriſt open lays,
and makes their Sins appear,
They making Pleas their caſe to eaſe,
if not themſelves to clear:
Thy written Word, ſay they, good Lord,
we never did enjoy;
We not refuſed, nor yet abuſed,
Oh! do not us deſtroy.

158. You never abuſed, nor yet refuſed
my written Word you plead,
That's true, (quoth he) therefore ſhall ye
the leſs be puniſhed:

You ſhall not ſmart for any part
of other Mens offence,
But for your own Tranſgreſſion,
receive due recompence.

159. But we were blind, ſay they in mind,
too dim was Natures light,
Our only Guide (as hath been try'd)
to bring us to the Light
Of our Eſtate degenerate,
and curſt by Adam's fall;
How we were born, and lay forlorn
in Bondage and in thrall.

160. We did not know a Chriſt till now,
nor how fallen Man be ſaved,
Elſe ſhould we not, right well we wot,
have ſo our ſelves behaved:
We ſhould have mourn'd, we ſhould have turn'd,
from ſin at thy reproof,
And been more wiſe through thine advice,
for our own Souls behoof.

161. But Natures light ſhin'd not ſo bright,
to teach us the right way;
We might have lov'd it, and well improv'd it,
and yet have gone aſtray:
The Judge moſt high makes this reply,
you Ignorance pretend,
Dimneſs of Light, and want of Sight,
your courſe Heaven-ward to bend.

162. How came your mind to be ſo blind?
I once you knowledge gave,
Clearneſs of Light and Judgment right,
who did the ſame deprave?
If to your coſt you have it loſt,
and quite defac'd the ſame;
Your own deſert hath cauſed your ſmart,
you ought not me to blame.

163. You

163. Your ſelves into a Pit of woe,
your own tranſgreſſion led,
If I to none my Grace had ſhown,
who had been injured?
If to a few, and not to you,
I ſhew'd a way of Life,
My Grace ſo free you clearly ſee,
gives you no ground of Strife;

164. 'Tis vain to tell, you wot full well,
if you in time had known,
Your Miſery and Remedy,
your Actions had it ſhown:
You ſinful Crew have not been true,
unto the Light of Nature,
Nor done the good you underſtood,
nor owned your Creator.

165. He that the Light, becauſe 'tis light
hath uſed to deſpiſe;
Would not the light ſhining more bright,
be likely for to prize:
If you had lov'd, and well improv'd
your Knowledge and dim Sight,
Herein your pain had not been vain,
your Plagues had been more light.

166 Then to the Bar, all they draw near
who dy'd in Infancy,
And never had no good or bad
effected Perſonally:
But from the Womb unto the Tomb
were ſtraightway carried,
Or at the leaſt e're they tranſgreſt,
who thus began to plead.

167. If for our own Tranſgreſſion,
or Diſobedience,
We hear did ſtand at thy left hand,
juſt were the recompence:

But *Adam*'s guilt our Souls hath ſpilt,
his Fault is charg'd upon us,
And that alone hath overthrown,
and utterly undone us.

168. Not we, but he, eat of the Tree,
whoſe Fruit was interdicted;
Yet on us all, of his ſad fall
the Puniſhment's inflicted:
How could we ſin who had not been?
or how is his ſin ours
Without conſent? which to prevent,
we never had a power.

169. O great Creator, why was our Nature
depraved and forlorn,
Why ſo defil'd and made ſo vil'd,
whilſt we were yet unborn?
If it be juſt, and needs we muſt
Tranſgreſſors reckon'd be,
Thy Mercy Lord to us afford,
which Sinners hath ſet free.

170. Behold we ſee *Adam* ſet free,
and ſaved from his Treſpaſs,
Whoſe ſinful Fall hath ſpilt us all,
and brought us to this paſs:
Canſt thou deny us once to try?
or Grace to us to tender,
When he finds Grace before thy Face,
that was the chief Offender?

171. Then anſwered the Judge moſt dread,
God doth ſuch *Doom* forbid,
That Men ſhould dye Eternally,
for what they never did;
But what you call Old *Adam*'s Fall,
and only his Treſpaſs,
You call amiſs, to call it his,
both his and yours it was.

172. He

172. He was design'd of all Mankind,
to be a publick head,
A common Root, whence all should shoot,
and stood in all their stead;
He stood or fell, did ill or well,
not for himself alone,
But for you all, who now his fall,
and Trespass would disown.

173. If he had stood, then all his Brood
had been established,
In God's true Love, never to move,
nor once awry to tread:
Then all his Race, my Father's Grace
should have enjoy'd for ever,
And wicked Sprights, by subtil slights,
could them have harmed never.

174. Would you have grieved to have received
through *Adam* so much good,
As had been yours for evermore,
if he at first had stood?
Would you have said we ne'er obey'd,
nor did thy Laws regard?
It ill befits with Benefits,
us Lord so to reward?

175. Since then to share in his welfare,
you could have been content,
You may with reason share in his Treason,
and in the Punishment:
Hence you were born in state forlorn,
with Natures so depraved,
Death was your due, because that you
had so your self behaved.

176. You think if we had been as he,
whom God did so betrust,
We to our cost would ne'er have lost,
all for a paltry Lust,

Had you been made in *Adam*'s ſtead,
you would like Things have wrought;
And ſo into the ſelf ſame woe,
your ſelves and yours have brought:

177. I may Deny you once to try,
or Grace to you to tender,
Though he find Grace before my Face,
who was the chief Offender:
Elſe ſhould my Grace ceaſe to be Grace,
for it ſhould not be free,
If to releaſe, whom I ſhall pleaſe,
I have not Liberty.

178. If upon one what's due to none,
I frankly ſhall beſtow,
And on the reſt ſhall not think beſt,
Compaſſions skirt to throw,
Whom injure I? Will you envy
and grudge at others weal,
Or me accuſe, who did refuſe
your ſelves to help and heal?

179. Am I alone of what's my own,
no Maſter or no Lord?
Or if I am, how can you claim
what I to ſome afford?
Will you demand Grace at my hand,
and challenge what is mine?
Will you teach me whom to ſet free,
and thus my Grace confine?

180. You Sinners are, and ſuch a ſhare,
as Sinners may expect;
Such you ſhall have, for I do ſave
none but mine own elect:
Yet to compare your Sin with their,
who liv'd a longer time,
I do confeſs yours is much leſs,
though every Sins a Crime.

181. A crime it is, therefore in Elyſs
you may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I ſhall allow
the eaſieſt Room in Hell:
The glorious King thus anſwering,
they ceaſe and plead no longer;
Their Conſciences muſt needs confeſs,
his Reaſons are the ſtronger.

182. Thus all Mens Pleas, the Judge with eaſe
doth anſwer and confute,
Untill that all, both great and ſmall,
are ſilenced and mute:
Vain hopes are cropt, all Mouths are ſtopt,
Sinners have nought to ſay,
But that 'tis juſt, and equal moſt,
they ſhould be damned for ay.

183. Now what remains, but that to pains,
and everlaſting ſmart,
Chriſt ſhould condemn the Sons of Men,
which is their juſt deſert:
Oh! rueful Plights of ſinful Wights,
oh Wretches all forlorn,
It had happy been, they never had ſeen
the Sun, or not been born.

184. Yea, now it would be well they could
themſelves Annihilate,
And ceaſe to be, themſelves to free
from ſuch a fearful State:
Oh! happy Dogs, and Swine and Frogs,
yea, Serpents Generation,
Who do not fear this Doom to hear,
and Sentence of Damnation.

185. This is their State ſo deſperate,
their Sins are fully known;
Their Vanities and Villanies,
before the World are ſhown.

As they are groſs and impious,
ſo are their Numbers more
Then Motes i'th' Air, or then their Hair,
or Sands upon the Shoar.

186. Divine Juſtice offended is,
and Satisfaction claimeth.
God's wrathful Ire, kindled like Fire,
againſt them fiercely flameth:
Their Judge ſevere, doth quite caſhire,
and all their Pleas off take,
That never a Man, once dare or can,
a further Anſwer make.

187. Their Mouths are ſhut, each Man is put
to ſilence and to ſhame;
Nor have they ought within their Thought
Chriſt's Juſtice for to blame:
The Judge is juſt, and Plague them muſt,
nor will he Mercy ſhew,
(For Mercies Day is paſt away,)
to any of this Crew.

188. The Judge is ſtrong, Doers of wrong,
cannot his Power withſtand,
None can by flight run out of ſight,
nor 'ſcape out of his Hand:
Sad is their ſtate, for Advocate
to plead their Cauſe their's none,
None to prevent their Puniſhment,
or Miſery to bemoan.

189. O dismal Day! whether ſhall they
for help or ſuccour flee?
To God above, with Hopes to move
their greateſt Enemy?
His Wrath is great, whoſe burning heat,
no Flood of Tears can flake;
His Word ſtands faſt, that they be caſt
into the burning Lake.

190. To Chriſt their Judge, he doth adjudge,
them to the Pit of Sorrow;
Nor will he hear one cry or tear,
nor reſpite them one Morrow:
To Heaven alaſs, they cannot paſs,
it is againſt them ſhut;
To enter there (O heavy chear)
they out of hopes are put.

191. Unto their Treaſures, or to their Pleaſures,
all theſe have them forſaken,
Had they full Coffers to make large offers,
their Gold would not be taken;
Unto the place where whilome was,
their Birth and Education;
Lo Chriſt begins for their great Sins,
to Fire the Earth's Foundation.

192. And by and by the flaming Skie,
ſhall drop like molten Lead
About their Ears, to increaſe their fears,
and aggravate their Dread:
To Angels good, that ever ſtood,
in their Integrity;
Should they betake themſelves, and make
their Suit inceſſantly,

193. They neither skill, nor do they will
to work them any eaſe;
They will not mourn to ſee them burn,
nor beg for their releaſe:
To wicked Men, their Brethern
in Sin and Wickedneſs,
Should they make moan, their Caſe is one,
they're in the ſame Diſtreſs.

194. Ah, cold Comfort, and mean ſupport,
from ſuch like Comforters!
Ah, little Joy of Company,
and Fellow Sufferers!

Such

Such ſhall increaſe their Hearts diſeaſe,
and add unto their Woe,
Becauſe that they brought to decay
themſelves and many moe.

195. Unto the Saints, with ſad Complaints
ſhould they themſelves apply,
They're not dejected, nor ought affected
with all their Miſery:
Friends ſtand aloof, and make no proof,
what Prayers or Tears can do,
Your godly Friends, are now more Friends,
to Chriſt than unto you.

196. Where tender love, Mens Hearts did move,
unto a Simpathy,
And bearing part in others ſmart,
in their Anxiety:
Now ſuch Compaſſion is out of Faſhion,
and wholly laid aſide,
No Friend ſo near, (but Saints) to hear
their Judgment can abide.

197. One natural Brother beholds another,
in this aſtonied ſtate;
Yet Sorrows not thereat a jot,
nor pities him a whit:
The godly Wife conceives no grief,
nor can ſhe ſhed a Tear,
For the ſad State of her dear Mate,
when ſhe his Doom doth hear.

198. He that was erſt, a Husband pierc't
with ſenſe of Wife's diſtreſs,
Whoſe tender Heart did bear a part
of all her Grievances:
Shall mourn no more, as heretofore,
becauſe of her ill plight,
Although he ſee her now to be
a damn'd forſaken Wight.

199. The tender Mother will own no other,
of all her numerous brood;
But such as stand at Christs right hand,
acquited through his Blood:
The pious Father had now much rather,
his graceless Son should ly
In Hell with Devils, for all his Evils,
burning eternally.

200. Then God most high should injury
by sparing him sustain;
And doth rejoyce to hear Christ's Voice,
adjudging him to pain:
Who having all (both great and small)
convinc't and silenced,
Did then proceed their Doom to read,
and thus it uttered.

201. Ye sinful Wights and cursed Sprights,
that work Iniquity,
Depart together, from me for ever,
to endless Misery:
Your Portion take in that sad Lake,
where Fire and Brimstone flameth,
Suffer the smart, which your Desert,
as it's due Wages claimeth.

202. Oh peircing Words, more sharp then Swords,
what, to depart from thee?
Whose Face before, for evermore,
the best of Pleasures be:
What to depart (unto our smart)
from thee Eternally,
To be for ay Banisht away,
with Devilish Company?

203. What to be sent to Punishment,
and Flames of burning Fire,
To be surrounded, and eke confounded,
with God's revengeful Ire?

What to abide not for a Tide,
these Torments, but for ever,
To be released, or to be eased,
not after Years, but never?

204. Oh fearful Doom, now their's no room
for Hope or Help at all,
Sentence is past, which aye shall last,
Christ will not it recall:
There might you hear them rent and tear
the Air with their out-crys;
The hedious noise of their sad Voice,
assendeth to the Skies.

205. They wring their Hands, their catiff Hands,
and gnash their Teeth for terror,
They cry, they roar, for anguish sore,
and gnash their Tongues for horror:
But get away without delay,
Christ pities not your cry,
Depart to Hell, there may you yell,
and roar Eternally.

206. That word Depart, maugre their Heart,
drives every wicked One,
With mighty Power, that self same Hour,
far from the Judges Throne:
Away they're chast, by the strong blast,
of his Death-threatening Mouth,
They flee full fast, as if in hast;
although they be full loath.

207. As Chaff that's dry, and Dust doth flie,
before the Northern Wind:
Right so are they chased away,
and can no Refuge find:
They hasten to the Pit of Woe,
guarded by Angels stout,
Who to fulfill Christ's holy Will,
attend this Wicked Rout.

208. Whom having brought as they are taught,
unto the brink of Hell;
That dismal place, far from Christ's Face,
where Death and Darkness dwell:
Where God's fierce Ire, kindleth the Fire,
and Vengeance feeds the Flame,
With Piles of Wood, and Brimstone flood,
that none can quench the same,

209. With Iron Bands they bind their Hands
and cursed Feet together;
And cast them all both great and small,
into that Lake for ever:
Where Day and Night, without respite,
they wail, and cry, and howl,
For tortering Pain, which they sustain
in Body and in Soul.

210. For Day and Night, in their despight,
their Torments smoak ascendeth,
There Pain and Grief hath no relief,
their Anguish never endeth:
Their must they lie, and never dye,
though dying every Day,
There must they dying ever lie,
and not consume away.

211. Dye fain they would, if Dye they could,
but Death will not be had;
God's direful Wrath their Bodies hath,
for ever immortal made:
They live to lie in Misery,
and bear eternal Woe;
And live they must, while God is just,
that he may Plague them so.

212. But who can tell the Plagues of Hell,
and Torments exquisite?
Who can relate their dismal State,
and Terrors infinite:

Who

Who fare the beſt, and feel the leaſt,
yet feel the Puniſhment,
Whereby to nought they ſhould be brought,
if God did not prevent.

213. The leaſt Degree of Miſery,
there felt's incomparable;
The lighteſt Pain they there ſuſtain's,
more then intollerable:
But God's great Power from Hour to Hour,
upholds them in the Fire,
That they ſhall not conſume a jot,
nor by it's force expire,

214. But ah the woe they undergo,
they more then all beſide,
Who had the Light, and knew the right,
yet would not it abide:
The Sevenfold ſmart, which to their part,
and Portion doth befall,
Who Chriſt his Grace would nor imbrace,
nor hearken to his call.

215. The *Amorites* and *Sodomites*,
although their Plagues be ſore,
Yet find ſome eaſe, compar'd with theſe,
who feel a great deal more:
Almighty God, whoſe Iron Rod,
to ſmite them never lins,
Doth moſt declare his Juſtice rare,
in plaguing theſe Mens Sins.

216. The pain of loſs their Souls doth toſs,
and wonderouſly diſtreſs,
To think what they have caſt away,
by wilfull Wickedneſs.
We might have been redeem'd from Sin,
think they, and liv'd above,
Being poſſeſt of heavenly Reſt,
and joying in God's love.

217. But

217. But wo, wo, wo, our Souls unto,
we would not happy be,
And therefore bear God Vengeance here,
to all Eternity:
Experience, and woful Senſe,
muſt be our painful Teachers,
Who would not believe, nor credit give,
unto our faithful Preachers.

218. Thus ſhall they lie, and wail and cry,
tormented, and tormenting
Their galled Hearts, with poiſoned Darts,
but now too late repenting:
There let them dwell in Pains of Hell,
there leave we them to burn,
And back again unto the Men,
whom Chriſt acquits return.

219. The Saints behold with Courage bold,
and thankful wonderment,
To ſee all thoſe that were their Foes,
thus ſent to Puniſhment:
Then do they ſing unto their King,
a Song of endleſs Praiſe,
They praiſe his Name, and do proclaim,
that juſt are all his ways.

220. Thus with great Joy and Melody,
to Heaven they all aſcend,
Him there to Praiſe with ſweeteſt lays,
and Hymns that never End:
Where with long reſt they ſhall be bleſt,
and nought ſhall them annoy,
Where they ſhall ſee, as ſeen they be,
and whom they love enjoy.

221. O glorious Place, where Face to Face,
Jehovah may be ſeen,
(By ſuch as were Sinners while here)
and no dark Vail between:

Where

Where the Sun-ſhine, and light Divine,
of God's bright Countenance,
Doth reſt upon them every one,
with ſweeteſt Influence.

222. O bleſſed State of the renate,
O wonderous Happineſs!
To which they're brought beyond what thought,
can reach, or Words expreſs:
Griefs Water-courſe, and Sorrows ſource,
are turn'd to joyful Streams,
Their old Diſtreſs and Heavineſs,
are vaniſhed like Dreams.

223. For God above in Arms of Love,
doth dearly them Embrace,
And fill's their Sprights, with ſuch Delights,
and pleaſures in his Grace,
As ſhall not fail, nor yet grow ſtale,
through frequency of uſe,
Nor do they fear God's favour their,
to Forfeit by abuſe.

224. For there the Saints are perfect Saints,
and Holy Ones indeed,
From all the Sin that dwelt within,
their mortal Bodies freed:
Made Kings and Prieſts to God, through Chriſt's
dear Love's tranſcendency,
There to Remain, and there to Reign
with him Eternally.

A SHORT DISCOURSE ABOUT *ETERNITY.*

1. WHAT mortal Man can with a Span,
mete out *Eternity*;
Or Fathom it by Depth of Wit,
or Strength of Memory?
The lofty Sky is not so high,
Hell's depth to this is small;
The World so wide is but a stride,
compared here withal.

2. It is a main great Ocean,
withouten Bank or Bound;
A deep Abyss, wherein there is
no Bottom to be found:
This World hath stood now since the Flood,
four thousand Years well nere,
And had before indured more,
than sixteen hundred Year.

3. But what's the time from the World's prime,
unto this present Day,

If we thereby *Eternity*,
to measure should assay?
The whole Duration, since the Creation,
though long, yet is more little,
If placed by *Eternity*,
then is the smallest tittle.

4. Tell every Starr both near and farr
In Heavens bright Canopy,
That doth appear throughout the Year,
Of High or low Degree;
Tell every Tree that thou canst see
In this vast Wilderness,
Up in the Woods, down by the Floods
in a thousand Miles Progress.

5. The Sum is vast, yet not so vast
but that thou may'st go on
To multiply the Leaves thereby
that hang those Trees upon:
Add thereunto the Drops that thou
imagineſt to be
In *April* Showers that bring forth Flowers
and Blossoms plenteously.

6. Number the Fowls and living Souls,
that through the Air do fly;
The winged Hosts in all the Coasts,
beneath the starry Sky,
Count all the Grass as thou dost past
through many a Pasture's Land,
And dewy Drops that on the tops
of Herbs and Plants do stand.

7. Number the Sand upon the Strand
and Atroms of the Air:
And do thy best on Man and Beast,
to reckon every Hair:
Take all the Dust, if so thou lust,
and add to thine Account;

Yet shall the Years of Sinners Tears
the number far surmount.

8. Nought joyn'd to Nought, can ne're make ought,
nor Ciphers make a Sum;
Nor Things finite to infinite
by multiplying come.
A Cockle Shell may serve as well
to lade the Ocean dry,
As finite Things and Reckonings
to bound Eternity.

9. O happy they that live for aye
with Christ in heaven above,
Who know withal that nothing shall
deprive them of his Love;
Eternity, Eternity,
oh were it not for thee,
The Saints in blyss and happiness
could never happy be.

10. For if they were in any Fear
that this their Joy might cease,
It would annoy, (if not destroy)
and interrupt their Peace;
But being sure it shall endure,
so long as God shall live,
The Thoughts of this unto their blyss,
do full Perfection give.

11. Cheer up ye Saints amidst your Wants
and Sorrows many a one;
Lift up the Head, shake off all dread,
and moderate your Moan:
Your Sufferings and evil Things
will suddenly be past;
Your sweet Fruitions and blessed Visions,
for evermore shall last.

12. Lament and Mourn you that must burn
amidst these flaming Seas,

If once you come to ſuch a Doom
for ever farewel Eaſe:
O ſad Eſtate, and deſperate,
that never can be mended,
Until God's will be chang'd, or till
eternity be ended.

13 If any one this Queſtion
ſhall unto me propound,
What have the Years of Sinners Tears
no Limits or no Bounds?
It kills our Heart to think of Smart,
and Pains that laſt for ever;
And hear of Fire that ſhall expire,
and be extinguiſht never,

14. I'le Anſwer make, (and let them take
my Words as I intend them;
For this is all the Cordial
that here I have to lend them;)
When heaven ſhall ceaſe to flow with Peace
and all Felicity,
Then Hell may ceaſe to be the Place
of Wo and Miſery.

15. When Heaven is Hell, when ill is well,
when Vertue turns to Vice;
When wrong is Right, when dark is light;
when nought is of great Price,
Then may the Years of Sinners Tears
and Sufferings expire,
And all the Hoſts of damned Ghoſts
eſcape out of Hell-fire.

16. When Chriſt above ſhall ceaſe to love,
when God ſhall ceaſe to Reign,
And be no more as heretofore
the World's great Soveraign;
Or not be Juſt, or favour Luſt,
or in Mens Sins delight,

Then wicked Men, (and not till then)
to Heaven may take their flight.

17. When God's great Power shall be brought lower
by foreign Puissance
Or be decay'd and weaker made
through Time's continuance;
When drowsiness shall him oppress,
and lay him fast asleep,
Then sinful Men may break their Penn,
and out of Prison creep:

18. When those in glory shall be right sorry
they may not change their Place,
And wish to dwell with them in Hell,
never to see Christ's Face.
Then those in Pain may freedom gain
and be with glory dight;
Then Hellish Fiends may be Christ Friends,
and Heirs of Heaven's Light.

19. Then, ah poor Men, what not till then?
no not an Hour before,
For God is just, and therefore must
torment them evermore:
Eternity, Eternity,
thou makes Hard-Hearts to bleed,
The Thoughts of thee in Misery
do make Men wail indeed.

20. When they remind what's still behind,
and ponder this Word never.
That they must here be made to bear
God's Vengeance for ever:
The Thoughts of this more bitter is,
than all they feel beside;
Yet what they feel, no Heart of Steel,
nor Flesh of Brass can bide.

21. To lie in wo, and undergo
the direful pains of Hell;

And know withal that there they ſhall
for aye and ever dwell,
And that they are from reſt as far
when Fifty Thouſand Year
Twice told are ſpent in Puniſhment
as when they firſt came there,

2. This, oh this, makes Hell fiery flakes
much more intolerable;
This makes frailwights, and damned Sprights
to bear their Plagues unable:
This makes Men bite for Self-deſpite
their very Tongues in twain;
This makes them roar for great Horror,
and trebleth all their Pain.

A POSTSCRIPT UNTO The READER.

AND now good Reader, I return again
to Talk with thee, who hast been at the pain
To Read throughout, and heed what went before,
and unto thee i'le speak a little more.
Give Ear I pray thee unto what I say,
that God may hear thy Voice another Day.
Thou hast a Soul (my Friend,) and so have I,
to save or lose, a Soul that cannot dye,
A Soul of greater Price than Gold and Gems;
a Soul more worth than Crowns and Diadems;
A Soul at first created like its Maker,
and of God's Image made to be Partaker,
Upon the Wings of noblest Faculties,
made for to soar above the starry Skies;
[illegible] or to rest until it understood
nor if possessed of the chiefest Good.

T[illegible]

[illegible]

And since the Fall thy Soul retaineth still,
those Faculties of Reason, and of Will;
But oh how much bereav'd, and out of Frame,
as if they were some other, not the same?
Thine understanding dismally benighted,
and Reason's Eye in spiritual Things dimsighted,
Or else stark Blind; thy Will inclin'd to evil,
and nothing else, a Slave unto the Devil;
That loves to live, and liveth to transgress,
but shuns the Ways of God and Holiness:
All thine Affections are disorder'd,
and thou by Head-strong Passions art misled.
What need I tell thee of thy crooked Way,
and many wicked Wandrings every Day?
Or that thine own Transgressions are more
in number than the Sand upon the Shoar.
Thou art a lump of wickedness become,
and may'st with Horror think upon thy Doom,
Until thy Soul be washed in the Flood,
of Christ's most dear Soul-cleansing precious Blood,
That, that alone can do away thy Sin
which thou wert born, and hast long lived in;
That, only that, can pacifie God's Wrath,
if apprehended by a lively Faith,
Now whilst the Day and Means of Grace do last
before the Opportunity be past;
But if, O Man, thou livest a Christless Creature,
and Death surprize thee in a State of Nature,
As who can tell but that may be thy Case,
how wilt thou stand before thy Judges Face
When he shall be reveal'd in flaming Fire,
and come to pay ungodly Men their Hire?
To execute due Vengeance upon those
that know him not, or that have been his Foes.
What wilt thou Answer unto his Demands,
when he requires a Reason at thine Hands,
Of all the Things that thou hast said or done,
or set, undone, or set thine Heart upon?

When he shall thus with thee expostulate,
what Cause hadst thou thy Maker for to hate?
To take up Arms against thy Soveraign,
and Enmity against him to maintain:
What Injury hath God Almighty done thee?
what good hath he withheld that might have won thee?
What evil or injustice hast thou found
in him, that might unto thy hurt redound?
If neither felt nor feared Injury
hath moved thee to such Hostility,
What made thee then the Fountain to forsake,
and unto broken Pits thy self betake?
What Reason hadst thou to dishonour God,
who thee with Mercies never ceas'd to load?
Because the Lord was good, hast thou been evil,
and taken Part against him with the Devil?
For all his Cost to pay him with despite,
and all his Love with hatred to requite.
Is this the Fruit of God's great Patience,
to walk more bold in Disobedience?
To kick against the Bowels of his Love,
is this aright his Bounty to improve?
Stand still, ye Heavens, and be astonished,
that God by Man should be injured!
Give Ear O Earth, and tremble at the Sin
of those that thine Inhabitants have been;
But thou vile wretch hast added unto all,
thine other Faults and Facts so criminal,
The damning Sin of wilful unbelief;
of all Transgressors hadst thou been the chief,
Yet when Time was thou mightest have been set free
from Sin and Wrath, and Punishment, by me,
But thou wouldest not accept of Gospel Grace,
nor on my Terms eternal Life embrace;
As if that all thy Breaches of God's Law,
were not enough upon thine Head to draw
Eternal Wrath, thou hast despis'd a Saviour,
rejected me, and trampled on my Favour.

Here

How oft have I ſtood knocking at thy Door,
and been denied Enterance evermore?
How often hath my Spirit been withſtood,
when as I ſent him to have done thee good?
Thou haſt no need of any one to Plead
thy Cauſe, or for thy Soul to intercede.
Plead for thy ſelf, if thou haſt ought to ſay,
and pay thy Forfeiture without delay:
Behold thou doſt Ten Thouſand Talents owe,
ſo pay thy Debt, or elſe to Priſon go.
Think on't, O Man, when Chriſt ſhall thus unfold
thy ſecret Guilt, and make thee to behold
The ugly Face of all thy ſinful Errors,
and fill thy Soul with his amazing Terrors;
And let thee ſee the flaming Pit of Hell,
where all that have no Part in him ſhall dwell:
When he ſhall thus expoſtulate the Caſe,
how canſt thou bear to look him in the Face?
What wilt thou do without an Advocate,
or Plead, when as thy Eſtate is deſperate?
Doſt think to put him off with fair Pretences?
or wilt thou hide and cover thine Offences?
Can any thing from him concealed be,
who doth the hidden Things of darkneſs ſee?
Art thou of Force his Power to withſtand?
canſt thou by might Eſcape out of his Hand?
Doſt thou intend to run out of his Sight,
and ſave thy ſelf from Puniſhment by flight?
Or wilt thou be eternally accurſt,
and bide his Vengeance, let him do his worſt?
Oh who can bide his Indignations Heat,
or bide the Pains of Hell which are ſo great?
If then thou neither canſt his wrath endure,
nor any Ranſom after Death procure;
If neither Cries nor Tears can move his Heart,
to pardon thee, or mitigate thy ſmart,
But unto Hell thou muſt perforce be ſent,
with diſmal Horrour and Aſtoniſhment.

Conſider,

Consider, O my Friend, what Cause thou hast
with Fear and Trembling (while as yet thou may'st)
To lay to Heart thy Sin and Misery,
and to make out after the Remedy.
Consider well the greatness of thy Danger,
Oh Child of Wrath, and Object of God's Anger.
Thou hangest over the infernal Pit
by one small Thread, and carest thou not a whit?
There's but a step between thy Soul and Death,
nothing remains but stopping of thy Breath,
Which may be done to Morrow, or before,
and then thou art undone for ever more.
Let this awaken thy Security,
and make thee look about thee speedily.
How canst thou rest one Hour, or sleep a Night,
or in thy Creature Comforts take delight?
Or with vain Toys thy self forgetful make,
how near thou art unto the burning Lake.
How canst thou live without tormenting Fears?
how canst thou hold from weeping floods of Tears?
Yea Tears of Blood I might almost have said,
if such like Tears could from thine Eyes be shed?
To gain the World, what would it profit thee,
and lose thy Soul and self eternally?
Eternity on one small Point dependeth,
the Man is lost that this small Time mispendeth.
For as the Tree doth fall right so it lies,
and Man continues in what State he dies.
Who happy die, shall happy rise again,
who cursed die, shall cursed still remain.
If under Sin and Wrath Death leaves thee bound,
at Judgment under Wrath thou shalt be found;
And then wo, wo that ever thou wert born,
Oh wretched Man! of Heaven and Earth forlorn!
Consider this, all ye that God forget,
who all his Threatnings at nought do set,
Least into pieces he begin to tear
your Souls, and there be no Deliverer.

Oh

Oh you that now ſing Care and Fear away,
think often of that formidable Day,
Wherein the Heavens with a mighty Noiſe,
and with an hideous Heart-confounding Voice
Shall paſs away together being roul'd,
as Men are wont their Garments up to fold:
When th'Elements with fervent Heat ſhall melt,
and living Creatures in the ſame ſhall ſwelt,
And altogether in thoſe Flames expire,
which ſet the Earth's Foundations on Fire,
Oh what amazement will your Hearts be in?
and how will you to curſe your ſelves begin,
For all your damned ſloth and Negligence,
and unbelief, and groſs Impenitence,
When you ſhall hear that dreadful Sentence paſt,
that all the wicked into Hell be caſt;
What horrour will your Conſciences ſurprize,
when you ſhall hear the fruitleſs doleful Cries
Of ſuch as are compelled to depart
into the Place of everlaſting ſmart?
What, when you ſee the Sparks flie out of Hell,
and View the Dungeon where you are to dwell,
Wherein you muſt eternally remain
in Anguiſh, and intolerable Pain?
What when your Hands and Feet are bound together,
and you are caſt into that Lake for ever,
Then ſhall you feel the Truth of what you hear,
that helliſh Pains are more than you can bear;
And that thoſe Torments are an Hundred-fold
more terrible than ever you were told.
Nor ſpeak I this, good Reader, to torment thee
before the Time, but rather to prevent thee
From running Head-long to thine own Decay
in ſuch a perilous and deadly Way:
We who have known and felt *Jehovah*'s Terrors,
perſwade Men to repent them of their Errors,
And turn to God in Time, e're his Decree
bring forth, and then there be no Remedy.

If

If in the Night when thou art faſt aſleep,
ſome Friend of thine that better watch doth keep,
Should ſee thy Houſe all on a burning Flame,
and thee almoſt incloſed with the ſame;
If ſuch a Friend ſhould break thy Door and wake thee,
or elſe by Force out of the Peril take thee,
What would'ſt thou take his Kindneſs in ill Part,
or frown upon him for his good Deſert?
Such, O my Friend, ſuch is thy preſent State
and Danger, being unregenerate.
Awake, awake, and then thou ſhalt perceive
thy Peril greater than thou wilt believe.
Lift up thine Eyes, and ſee God's wrathful ire
preparing unextinguiſhable Fire,
For all that live and die impenitent,
awake, awake, O Sinner, and Repent,
And Quarrel not, becauſe I thus alarm
thy Soul, to ſave it from Eternal harm.
Perhaps thou harboureſt ſuch Thoughts as theſe,
I hope I may enjoy my carnal Eaſe
A little longer, and my ſelf refreſh
with thoſe Delights which gratify the Fleſh;
And yet repent before it be too late,
and get into a comfortable State:
I hope I have yet many Years to ſpend,
and Time enough thoſe Matters to attend.
Preſumptious Heart, is God ingag'd to give
a longer Time to ſuch as Love to live
Like Rebels ſtill? who think to ſtain his Glory
by Wickedneſs, and after to be ſorry:
Unto thy Luſts ſhall he be made a Drudge,
who thee and all ungodly Men ſhall Judge?
Canſt thou Account Sin ſweet, and yet confeſs
that firſt or laſt it ends in bitterneſs?
Is Sin a Thing that muſt procure thee Sorrow,
and wou'd'ſt thou dally with it another Morrow?
O fooliſh Man, who loveſt to enjoy,
that which will thee Diſtreſs, or elſe deſtroy.

What

What gain'd *Samſon* by his *Delilah*?
What gain'd *David* by his *Bath-ſheba*?
The one became a Slave, loſt both his Eyes,
And made them ſport that were his Enemies:
The other Penneth, as a certain Token
Of God's diſpleaſure, that his Bones were broken.
Read, who ſo liſts, and ponder what he Reads,
And he ſhall find ſmall joy in evil Deeds.
Moreover, this conſider, that the longer
Thou liv'ſt in Sin, thy Sin will be the ſtronger,
And then it will a harder matter prove
To leave thoſe wicked Haunts that thou doſt love:
The Black-moor may as eaſily change his Skin,
As old Tranſgreſſors leave their wonted Sin;
And who can tell what may become of thee,
Or where thy Soul in one Days time may be?
We ſee that Death no old nor young Men ſpares,
But one or other takes at unawares;
For in a moment, whilſt Men Peace do cry,
Deſtruction ſeizeth on them ſuddenly.
Thou, who this Morning art a living Wight,
Mayeſt be a Corps, and damned Ghoſt e're Night?
Oh! Dream not then, that it will ſerve thy turn
Upon thy Death-Bed for thy Sins to mourn,
But think how many have been ſnatch'd away,
And had no time for Mercy once to pray.
It's juſt with God Repentance to deny
To ſuch, as put it off until they dy.
And late Repentance ſeldom proveth true,
Which if it fail, thou knoweſt what muſt enſue:
For after this ſhort Life is at an end,
What is a miſs, thou never canſt amend.
Believe, O Man! that to procraſtinate,
And to put off until it be too late:
As 'tis thy Sin, ſo is it Satan's wile,
Whereby he doth great Multitudes beguile:
How many Thouſands hath this ſtrong Deluſion
Already brought to Ruin and Confuſion?

Whose Souls are now reserv'd in Iron Chains
Under thick Darkness, to Eternal Flames.
They thought of many Years, as thou dost now,
But were deceiv'd quite, and so mayst thou.
Oh! then my Friend, wile not away thy Time,
Nor by Rebellion aggravate thy Crime.
Oh! put not off Repentance till to morrow,
Adventure not, without God's leave to borrow
Another Day to spend upon thy Lust;
Least God (that is most Holy, Wise and Just)
Denounce in Wrath, and to thy Terrour say,
This Night shall Devils fetch thy Soul away.
Now seek the Face of God with all thy Heart;
Acknowledge unto him how vile thou art:
Tell him, thy Sins deserve Eternal Wrath,
And that it is a wonder that he hath
Permitted thee so long to draw thy Breath,
Who might have cut thee off by sudden Death,
And sent thy Soul into the lowest Pit,
From whence no price shall ever Ransom it:
And that he may most justly do it still,
(Because thou hast deserv'd it) if he will:
Yet also tell him, that if he shall please,
He can forgive thy Sins, and thee release;
And that in Christ his Son he may be just,
And justifie all those that in him trust;
That though thy Sins are of a Crimson dy,
Yet Christ, his Blood can cleanse thee thoroughly
Tell him, that he may make his Glorious Name
More wonderful by covering thy Shame:
That Mercy may be greatly magnified,
And Justice also fully satisfied.
If he shall please to own thee in his Son,
Who hath paid dear for Man's Redemption:
Tell him thou, hast an unbelieving Heart,
Which hind'reth thee from coming for a Part
In Christ; And that although his Terrors awe the
Thou canst not come till he be pleased to draw th

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Tell him, thou know'ſt thine Heart to be ſo bad,
And thy Condition ſo exceeding ſad,
That though Salvation may be had for nought,
Thou canſt not come and take till thou be brought.
Oh! beg of him to bow thy ſtubborn will,
To come to Chriſt, that he thy Luſts may kill.
Look up to Chriſt for his attractive Power,
Which he exerteth in a needful Hour:
Who ſaith, when, as I lifted up ſhall be,
Then will I draw all ſorts of Men to me.
Oh! wait upon him, with due Diligence,
And trembling fear in every Ordinance:
Unto his Call earneſt attention give,
Whoſe Voice makes deaf Men hear and dead Men live.
Thus weep and mourn, thus hearken, pray and wait,
Till he behold and pitie thine Eſtate,
Who is more ready to beſtow his Grace,
Than thou the ſame art willing to imbrace:
Yea, he hath Might enough to bring thee home,
Tho' thou haſt neither Strength nor Will to come.
If he delay to anſwer thy Requeſt,
Know that oft times he doth it for the beſt:
Not with intent to drive us from his Door,
But for to make us importune him more;
Or elſe to bring us Duly to confeſs,
And be convinc'd of our unworthineſs.
Oh! be not weary then, but perſevere
To beg his Grace, till he thy Suit ſhall hear;
And leave him not, nor from his Footſtool go,
Till over thee Compaſſions Skirt he throw.
Eternal Life will recompenſe thy pains,
If found at laſt, with everlaſting gains.
For if the Lord be pleaſed to hear thy Cries,
And to forgive thy great Iniquities:
Thou wilt have cauſe for ever to admire,
And laud his Grace that granted thy deſire
Then ſhalt thou find thy labour is not loſt,
But that the good obtain'd ſurmounts the Coſt;

Nor ſhalt thou grieve for loſs of Sinful Pleaſures,
Exchanged for Heavenly Joys and laſting Treaſures.
The Yoke of Chriſt which once thou didſt eſteem,
A tedious Yoke, ſhall then moſt eaſie ſeem:
For why the love of Chriſt ſhall thee conſtrain,
To take delight in that which was thy pain.
The ways of Wiſdom ſhall be pleaſant ways,
And thou ſhalt chuſe therein to ſpend thy Days,
If once thy Soul be brought to ſuch a Paſs,
Oh! bleſs the Lord, and magnifie his Grace.
Thou that of late had'ſt reaſon to be ſad,
Mayſt now rejoice and be exceeding glad:
For thy Condition is as happy now,
As e'er it was diſconſolate and low:
Thou art become as Rich, as *Whilome* Poor,
As Bleſſed now, as curſed heretofore:
For being cleanſed with Chriſt's precious Blood,
Thou haſt an Intereſt in the chiefeſt good,
God's Anger is towards thy Soul appeaſed,
And in his Chriſt, he is with thee well pleaſed:
Yea, he doth look upon thee with a mild
And gracious Aſpect, as upon his Child.
He is become thy Father and thy Friend,
And will defend thee from the Curſed Fiend.
Thou need'ſt not fear the roaring Lion's Rage,
Since God Almighty doth himſelf engage
To bear thy Soul in everlaſting Arms,
Above the reach of all Deſtructive Harms.
Whatever here thy Sufferings may be,
Yet from them all the Lord ſhall reſcue thee:
He will preſerve thee by his wonderous Might,
Unto that rich Inheritance in Light.
Oh! ſing for Joy, all ye Regenerate
Whom Chriſt hath brought into this bleſſed State.
Oh! love the Lord, all ye his Saints, who hath
Redeemed you from everlaſting Wrath.
Who hath by Dying made your Souls to live,
And what he dearly bought doth freely give.

Give

Give up your ſelves to walk in all his ways,
And ſtudy how to live unto his praiſe.
The time is ſhort you have to ſerve him here,
The Day of your Deliverance draweth near.
Lift up your Heads, ye upright ones in Heart,
Who in Chriſt's Purchaſe have obtained a part,
Behold he Rides upon a ſhining Cloud,
With Angels Voice, and Trumpet ſounding loud.
He comes to ſave his Folk from all their Foes,
And plague the Men that Holineſs oppoſe.
So, Come Lord Jeſus, quickly come away.
We pray thee come, haſt our Redemption Day.

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OF

Emptineſs or Vanity.

1. VAin, frail, ſhort liv'd and miſerable Man,
learn what thou art, when thine Eſtate is beſt;
A reſtleſs Wave on the troubled Ocean,
a Dream, a lifeleſs Picture finely dreſt.

2. A Wind, a Flower, a Vapour and a Bubble,
a Wheel that ſtands not ſtill, a trembling Reed,
A rouling Stone, dry Duſt, light Chaff and Stubble;
a ſhadow of ſomething, but nothing indeed.

3. Learn what deceitful Toys and empty Things
this World, and all its beſt Enjoyments be,
Out of the Earth no true Contentment ſprings;
but all things here are vexing Vanity.

4. For

4. For what is Beauty but a fading Flower?
and what is Pleaſure but the Devil's Bait?
Whereby he catcheth whom he would Devour,
and multitude of Souls doth ruinate.

5. And what are Friends? but Mortal Men as we,
whom Death from us may quickly ſeparate?
Or elſe their Hearts may quite eſtranged be,
and all their Love be turned into hate.

6 And what are Riches to be Doted on?
uncertain, fickle and enſnaring Things,
They draw Mens Souls into Perdition,
and when moſt needed, take them to their Wings.

7. Ah fooliſh Man! that ſets his Heart upon
ſuch empty Shadows, ſuch wild Fowl as theſe,
That being gotten will be quickly gone,
and while they ſtay, increaſe but his Diſeaſe.

8. As in a Dropſie, Drinking Drought begets,
the more he Drinks, the more he ſtill requires;
So on this World, whoſo Affection ſets,
his Wealths increaſe, increaſeth his Deſires.

9. O happy Man! whoſe Portion is above, (him
where Floods, where Flames, where Foes can't bereave
Moſt wretched Man, that fixed hath his Love
upon this World that ſurely will deceive him.

10. For what is Honour? what is Sovereignty?
whereto Mens Hearts ſo reſtleſly aſpire?
Whom have they Crown'd with Felicity?
when did they ever ſatisfy Deſire?

11, The Ear of Man with Hearing is not fill'd,
to ſee new ſights ſtill coveteth the Eye:
The Croaking Stomach, though it may be ſtill'd,
yet Croaks again without a new Supply.

12. All Earthly things Man's cravings anſwer not,
whoſe little Heart would all the World contain:
(If all the World ſhould fall to one Man's Lot)
and notwithſtanding empty ſtill remain.

13. The Eaſtern Conqueror was ſaid to weep,
when he the *Indian* Ocean did view,
To ſee his Conqueſt bounded by the Deep,
and no more Worlds remaining to ſubdue.

14. Who would that Man in his Enjoyments bleſs,
or envie him, or covet his Eſtate,
Whoſe gettings do augment his greedineſs,
and make his wiſhes more intemperate?

15. Such is the wonted and the common guiſe
of thoſe on Earth that bear the greateſt ſway.
If with a few the caſe be otherwiſe,
they ſee a Kingdom that abides for ay.

16. Moreover, they of all the Sons of Men
that Rule and are in higheſt Places ſet,
Are moſt inclin'd to ſcorn their Brethren,
and God himſelf (without great Grace) forget.

17. For as the Sun doth blind the Gazers Eyes,
that for a time they nought diſcern aright:
So honour doth befool and blind the Wiſe;
and their own Luſture reaves them of their light.

18. Great are their Dangers, manifold their Cares,
through which, whilſt others ſleep, they ſcarcely nap
And yet are oft ſurprized unawares,
and fall unwitting into envies Trap.

19. The mean Mechanick finds his kindly reſt,
all void of fear, ſleepeth the Country Clown:
When

When greateſt Princes often are diſtreſt,
and cannot ſleep upon their Beds of Down.

20. Could Strength or Valour, Men immortalize,
could Wealth or Honour keep them from decay,
There were ſome cauſe the ſame to Idolize,
and give the Lie to that which I do ſay.

21. But neither can ſuch things themſelves endure
without the hazard of a Change one Hour;
Nor ſuch as truſt in them, can they ſecure
from diſmal Days, or Deaths prevailing Power.

22. If Beauty could the beautiful defend
from Death's Dominion, then fair *Abſolom*
Had not been brought to ſuch a ſhameful end:
but fair and foul unto the Grave muſt come.

23. If Wealth or Scepters could immortal make,
then Wealthy *Græſus*, wherefore art thou dead?
If Warlike force, which makes the World to quake,
then why is *Julius Ceſar* periſhed?

24. Where are the *Scipio*'s Thunderbolts of War?
Victorious *Pompey*, *Ceſar*'s Enemie;
Stout *Hannibal*, *Rome*'s Terror known ſo far?
great *Alexander*, what's become of thee?

25. If Gifts and Bribes Death's favour might but win,
if Power it force, or Threatnings might it fray:
All theſe and more had ſtill ſurviving been;
but all are gone, for Death will take no nay.

26. Such is this World with all her Pomp and Glory,
ſuch is the Man whom worldly Eyes admire;
Cut down by time, and now become a Story,
that we might after better Things aſpire.

7. Go boaſt thy ſelf of what thine Heart enjoys
vain Man, Triumph in all thy worldly blyſs,
Thy beſt Enjoyments are but traſh and Toys,
delight thy ſelf in that which worthleſs is.

Omnia prætercunt præter amare Deum.

See that thou prize this little Book,
which treats of Judgment and our End
Faint not, but often on it look,
this is the Counſel of your Friend.

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